

# FAIRY TALES

No. 11  
JUNE—JULY

10c



The  
GINGERBREAD BOY  
*Tricked!*

BEAUTY  
and the  
BEAST!



Fantastic Case of the  
FROG KING

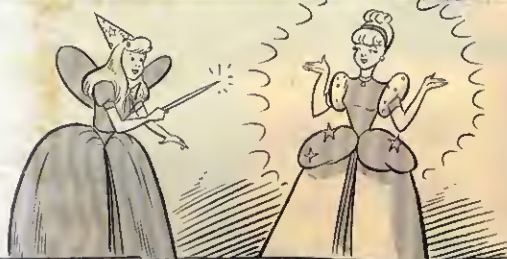




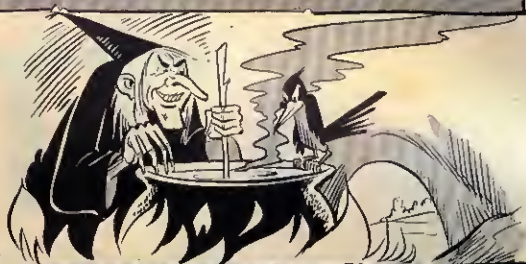
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# "all about fairies!"



FIRST THERE IS THE FAIRY GODMOTHER! SHE GRANTS WISHES TO GOOD BOYS AND GIRLS! REMEMBER CINDERELLA?---



OF COURSE, THERE IS THE BAD FAIRY TOO, THE WITCH! SHE IS OLD AND UGLY AND MEAN....

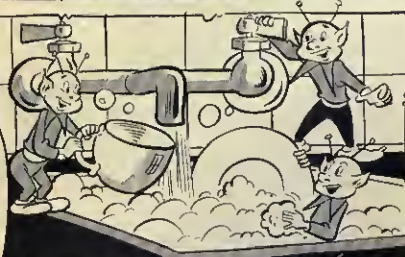


THEN THERE ARE THE ELVES. THEY ARE MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE FELLOWS. BUT THEY ARE NOT BAD. IT WAS THE ELVES WHOM RIP VAN WINKLE MET IN THE MOUNTAINS, WHICH IS THEIR HOME.

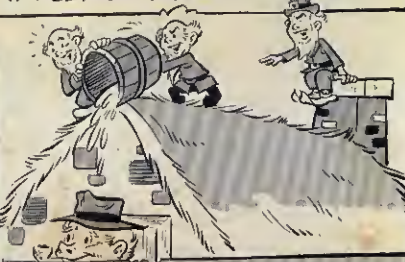
IN INDIA THERE ARE GENIES. THEY LIVE IN BOTTLES AND LAMPS AND CAN ONLY BE CALLED FORTH WITH MAGIC WORDS. LIKE FAIRY GODMOTHERS, THEY GRANT WISHES TO GOOD PEOPLE---



THE SPRITES ARE OLDER FAIRIES AND ARE SOME OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THINGS IN THE WORLD. THEY ARE GOOD AND GENTLE AND HELP PEOPLE IN TROUBLE----



ONE OF THE MOST HELPFUL OF THE FAIRY PEOPLE ARE THE BROWNIES. THEY ARE THE TINY MEN WHO COME TO YOUR HOUSE AT NIGHT AFTER EVERYONE IS IN BED, AND DO THE HOUSEHOLD TASKS...



THE LEPRECHAUNS LIVE IN IRELAND. THEY LIKE THE ELVES ARE MISCHIEVOUS AND LOVE TO PLAY PRANKS ON FOLKS---

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# The Ugly Duckling

**I**N THE SHADE OF THE TALL GRASS AT THE FAR END OF THE BARNYARD, A MOTHER DUCK HAS HATCHED HER LITTLE FAMILY OF DUCKLINGS. ONE AFTER ANOTHER, AS THE EGGS CRACKED OPEN, THE LITTLE DUCKS STEPPED OUT. THEY WERE ALL VERY PRETTY EXCEPT THE LAST ONE. AND WHEN THE MOTHER DUCK LAID EYES ON HIM SHE QUACKED IN DISMAY...

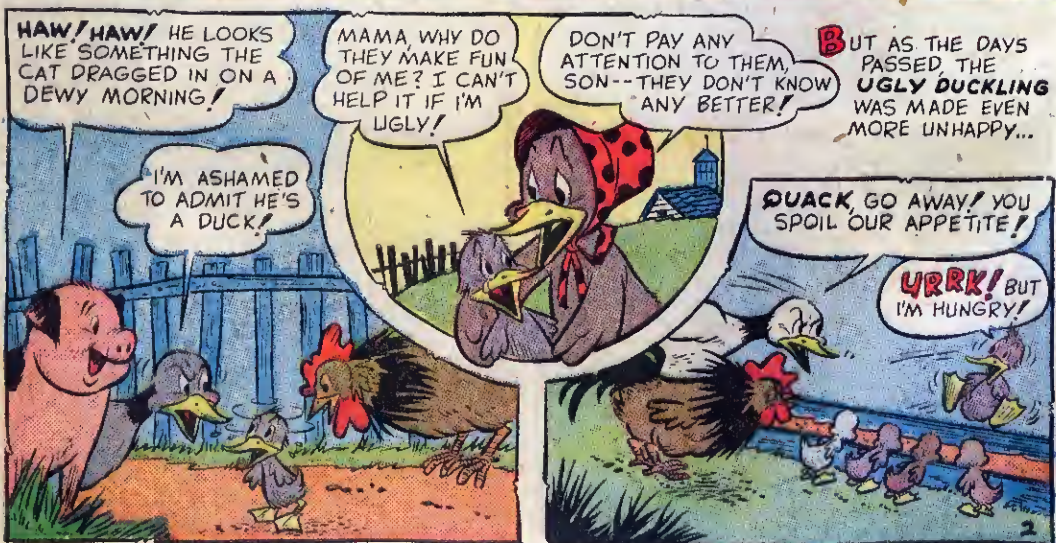
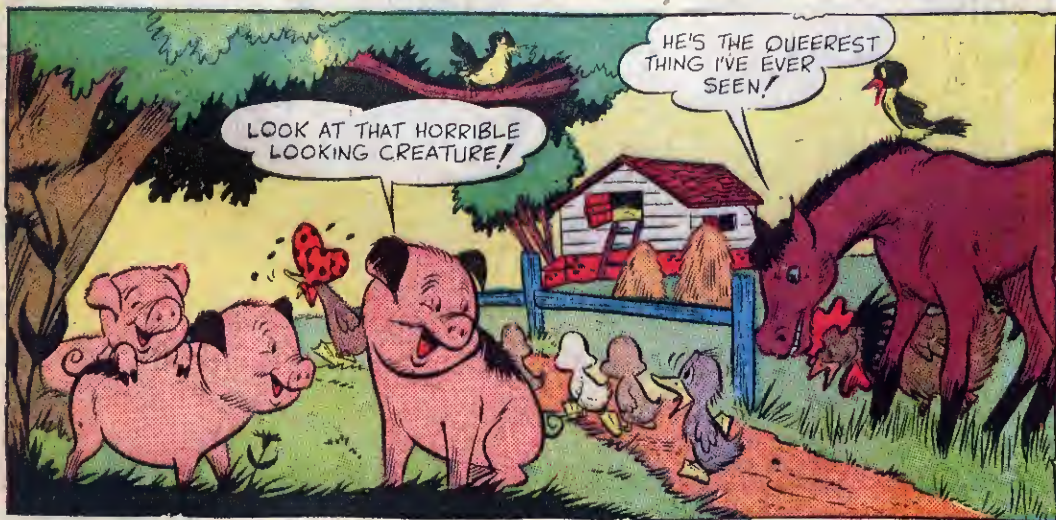
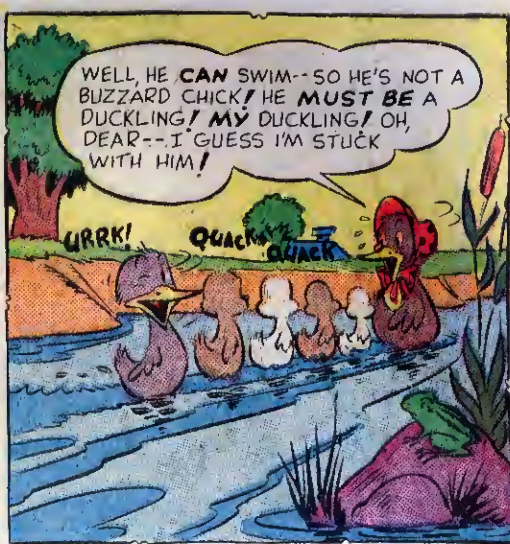
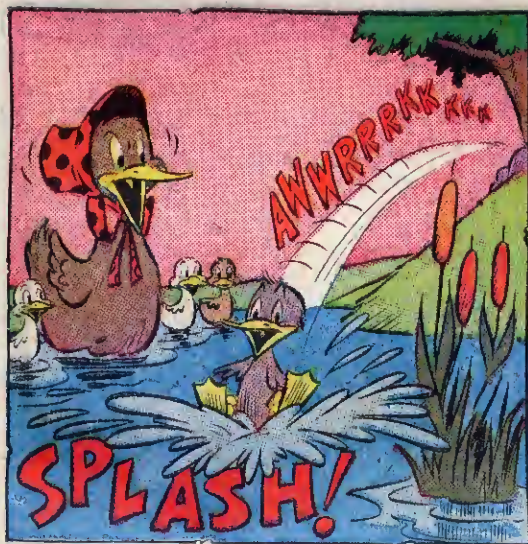
OH, NO! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! THAT UGLY DUCKLING COULDN'T BE **NINE!**

**URRK!**

OH WHAT DID I DO TO DESERVE THIS! I'LL BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE WHOLE FARM! MAYBE I HATCHED SOMEBODY ELSE'S EGG BY MISTAKE. MAYBE HE'S A BUZZARD CHICK!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT IF YOU'RE A BUZZARD CHICK OR NOT! COME ON-- JUMP IN! LET ME SEE YOU SWIM!



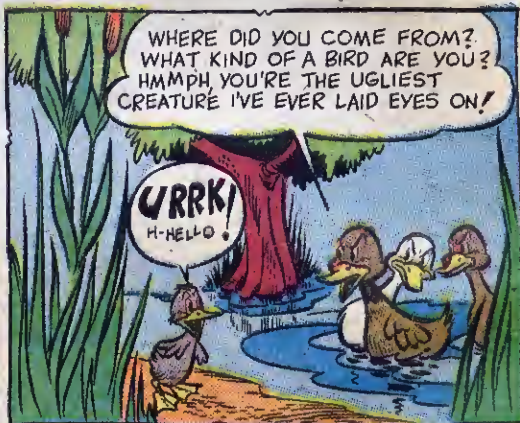






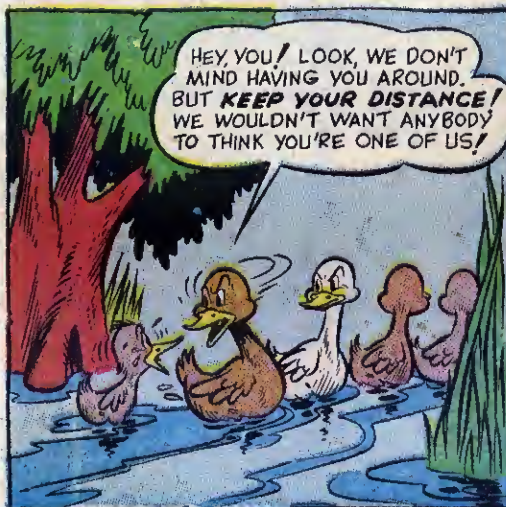
I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE! NOBODY WANTS ME AROUND HERE! I'LL RUN AWAY!

**T**HE NEXT MORNING THE **UGLY DUCKLING** REACHED A GREAT SWAMP WHERE A FLOCK OF WILD DUCKS MADE THEIR HOME ---



WHERE DID YOU COME FROM? WHAT KIND OF A BIRD ARE YOU? HMMPH, YOU'RE THE UGLIEST CREATURE I'VE EVER LAID EYES ON!

URRK!  
H-HELLO!

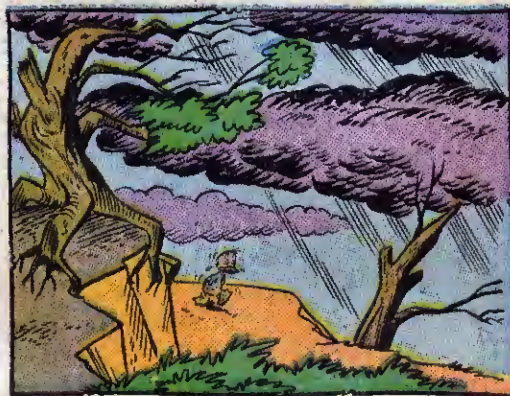


HEY, YOU! LOOK, WE DON'T MIND HAVING YOU AROUND, BUT **KEEP YOUR DISTANCE!** WE WOULDN'T WANT ANYBODY TO THINK YOU'RE ONE OF US!

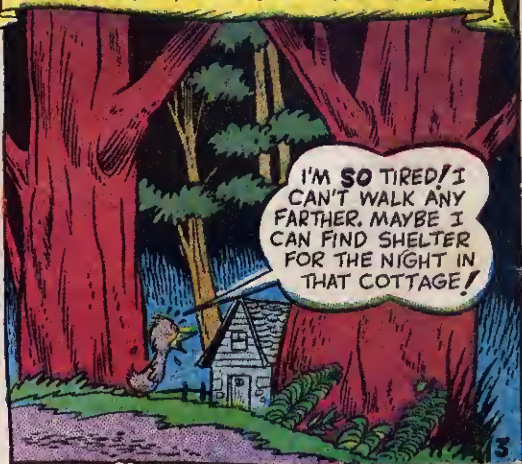


THEY WON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH ME, EITHER! SNIFF! I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO LOOK ELSEWHERE FOR A HOME!

**W**EEK AFTER WEEK THE **UGLY DUCKLING** TRUDGED ONWARD AND NOWHERE COULD HE FIND WELCOME. EVERY LIVING CREATURE REJECTED HIM BECAUSE OF HIS UGLINESS...

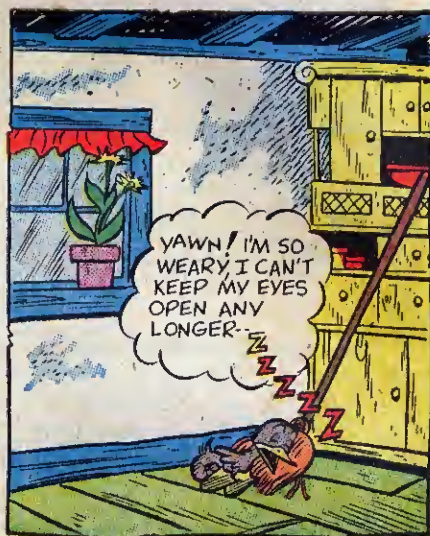


**A**T LENGTH, HE CAME TO A TUMBLE DOWN COTTAGE AT THE EDGE OF THE FOREST...

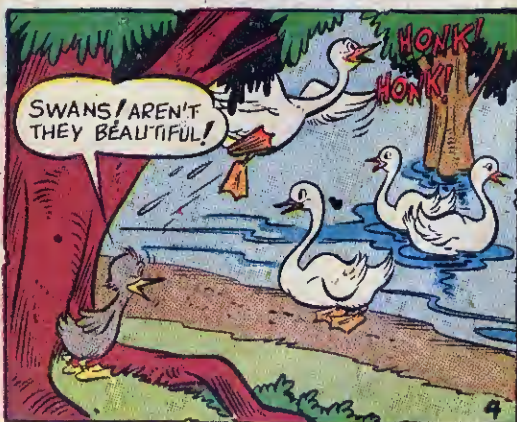


I'M SO TIRED! I CAN'T WALK ANY FARTHER. MAYBE I CAN FIND SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT IN THAT COTTAGE!



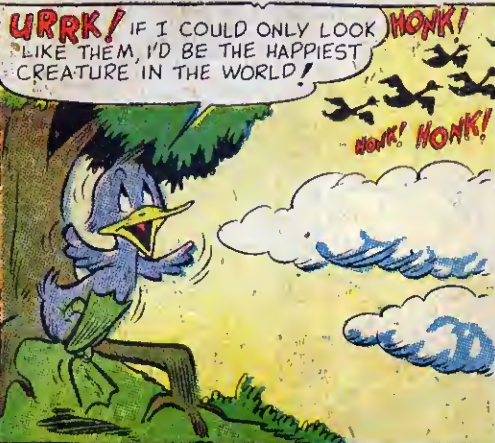


THE WEEKS PASSED AND AUTUMN CAME ON. ONE DAY THE UGLY DUCKLING SAW A FLOCK OF SNOW-WHITE SWANS...

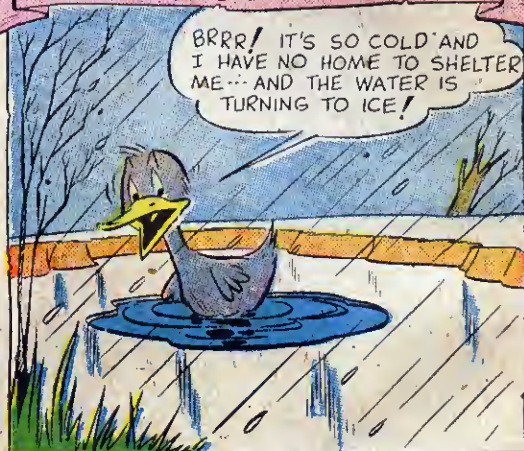




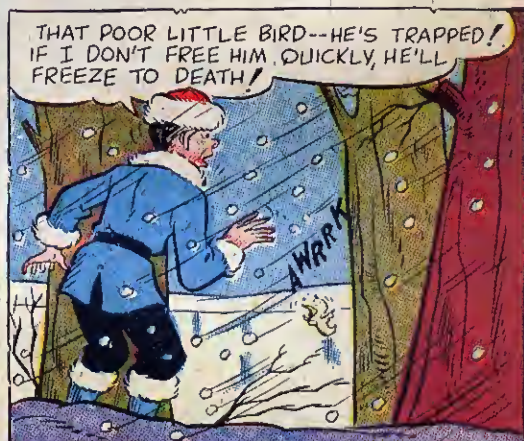
THE SWANS TRUMPETED LOUDLY AS THEY FLEW SOUTHWARD---



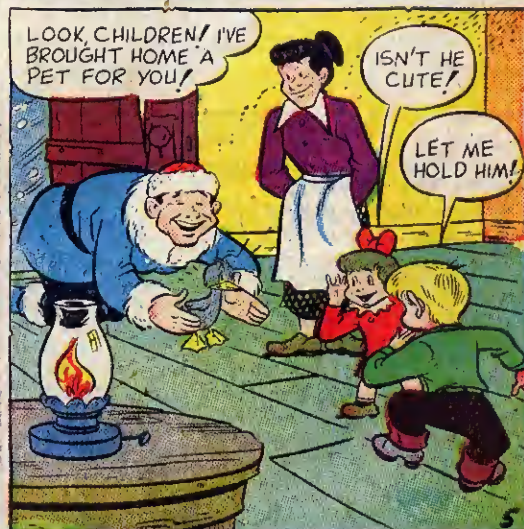
SOON THE FIRST DAYS OF WINTER ARRIVED AND THE UGLY DUCKLING SHIVERED IN THE WIND AND SNOW---



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, A MAN HAPPENED TO PASS BY---



THE MAN KICKED A HOLE IN THE ICE AND SOON THE UGLY DUCKLING WAS FREE.



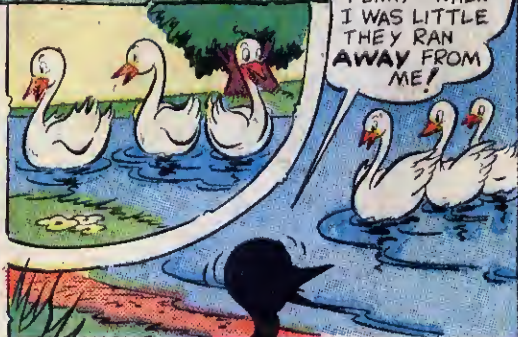
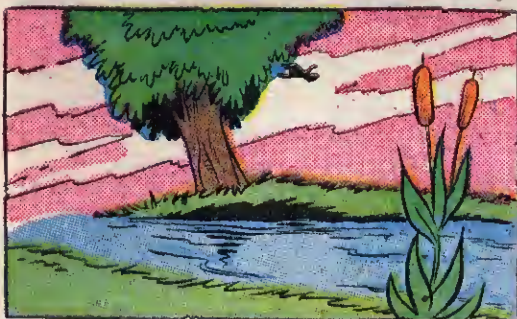




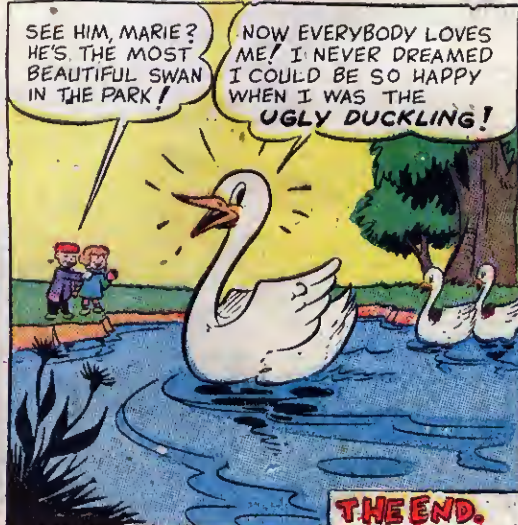
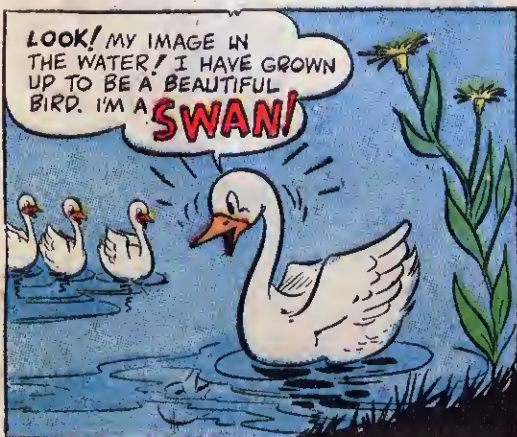
ALL THAT WINTER THE POOR LITTLE **UGLY DUCKLING** WAS COLD AND MISERABLE. BUT, FINALLY, THE SNOW MELTED AND SOON IT WAS SPRING. AND ONE DAY HE FLAPPED HIS WINGS AND WAS SURPRISED TO FIND HIMSELF FLYING HIGH IN THE AIR. HE WAS NOW FULL GROWN!

SOON HE FOUND HIMSELF ON A LAKE IN A BEAUTIFUL PARK. THERE HE SAW THREE SWANS. THE BEAUTIFUL WHITE BIRDS HE HAD MARVELLED AT MANY MONTHS BEFORE.

SWANS! OH, AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL! THEY'RE SWIMMING TOWARD ME! THAT'S FUNNY-- WHEN I WAS LITTLE THEY RAN AWAY FROM ME!



AT THAT MOMENT THE **UGLY DUCKLING** LOOKED DOWN AND SAW HIS REFLECTION IN THE WATER----



**THE END.**



NEW WONDERLAND ADVENTURES OF

# Alice

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ON SALE MAY 18th

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Professor  
Bookworm  
LLD., PH.D., D.D.T.

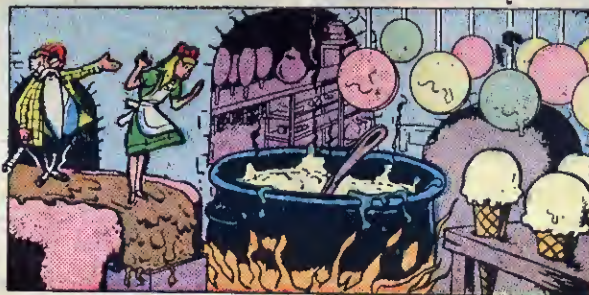


ALICE'S troubles really begin when she is reduced to bug-size by Professor Bookworm. Angry insects surround her and a common enemy threatens them all!

See ALICE go forth into battle riding a horse-fly and armed only with a mosquito-stinger! How can this tiny girl befriend the insects and defeat the monstrous mole! Read ALICE IN BUGVILLE!



SOMETIMES  
HE'S SADI!



-BUT MOSTLY  
HE'S MADI!

A volcano erupts hot fudge all over the cool countryside! People are swimming in fudge! How can ALICE pacify the Sweet Old Man of ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN?

ALICE in  
THE LOST RAG DOLL!

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

THE REAL ALICE!

THE TWEEDLE TWINS vs. THE HORRIBLE GROARKS!

TOPSY TURVY!

WHOLESOME READING  
FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY



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# Belling the Cat

Many years ago, there was a farmer who had a fine barn, filled with wonderful golden grain! The mice from all over the county came to feast on this delicious food, but...

CHOMP, CHOMP!  
WHAT WONDERFUL  
GRAIN! CHOMP!

IT'S THE BEST  
I... YIPE!  
THE CAT!

**REDWRR!**  
PHTTTT!

GET OUT!  
HURRY!

WHEW! THAT  
WAS CLOSE!

LOOK AT THOSE CLAWS!  
BRRR! SOMETHING'S GOT  
TO BE DONE ABOUT  
THAT CAT!

WHY DON'T WE TIE A **BELL** AROUND THE  
CAT'S NECK? THEN HE COULDN'T SNEAK  
UP AND SURPRISE US!

WONDERFUL!

YES, YES!  
A BELL!

WE CAN  
HEAR  
THE CAT  
COMING,  
THEN!

THEN WE CAN EAT ALL THE GRAIN WE  
WANT, AND THE CAT CAN'T EVEN GET  
CLOSE TO US!

THAT'S A GREAT IDEA,  
BUT WHO IS GOING TO  
PUT THE BELL ON THE  
CAT??

ULPPP!--ER--I HADN'T THOUGHT OF THAT!

ER-- I  
DON'T HAVE  
THE TIME!  
G'BYE!

I'D BE GLAD  
TO BELL THE  
CAT IF I  
WASN'T SO  
BUSY!

M-ME TOO!

HEH-HEH! BIG  
IDEAS ARE WONDERFUL  
--IF YOU CAN PUT  
THEM INTO PRACTICE!

**the END**



# Beauty and the BEAST

MANY YEARS AGO, THERE WAS A MAN NAMED REYNALDO WHO HAD THREE LOVELY DAUGHTERS...IRINA, GRISELDE AND BEAUTY! THE LAST WAS SO CALLED BECAUSE SHE WAS THE FAIREST MAIDEN IN ALL THE LAND, AND SHE WAS AS KIND AS SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL...

I CAN'T WEAR THESE COARSE WOOLENS WHEN I'VE BEEN ACCUSTOMED TO SILK ALL MY LIFE.

YOU MUST GET SOMEONE ELSE TO WASH THESE DISHES, FATHER. MY FINE, SMOOTH HANDS WILL SOON BE COARSE AND WRINKLED.

DON'T CRY, IRINA... HERE... WEAR THIS SILKEN DRESS... I HAD IT ON WHEN OUR HOME WAS BURNED. AND DON'T FRET, GRISELDE. I'LL WASH THE DISHES.

REYNALDO-- WONDERFUL NEWS! YOUR SHIP-- WHICH WAS GIVEN UP FOR LOST HAS BEEN SIGHTED! YOU MUST CLAIM IT AT THE HARBOR OF LANTOON!

OH, FATHER... WE SHALL BE RICH ONCE AGAIN! BRING ME A SILKEN GOWN AND A NECKLACE OF RUBIES!

AND I WANT GOLDEN SLIPPERS, AND A DRESS OF FINE VELVET, AND A SPUN LACE JACKET AND AN EMERALD-BROOCH!

AND YOU, BEAUTY... WHAT DO YOU WANT?



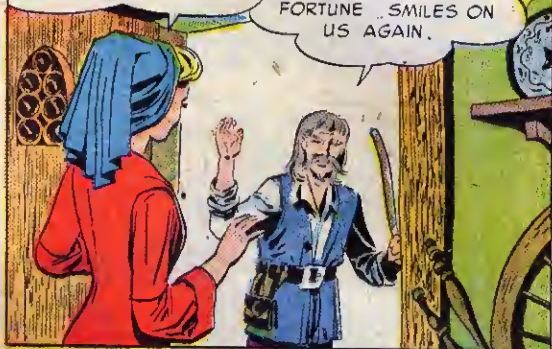
NOTHING, FATHER.  
I ASK ONLY THAT  
YOU COME HOME  
SAFELY.

COME, BEAUTY... I  
AM BUYING YOUR  
SISTERS GIFTS,  
AND I WILL NOT  
BE HAPPY UNLESS  
I BUY **YOU** ONE TOO.



VERY WELL, THEN, FATHER  
YOU MAY BRING ME A...  
A... ROSE... YES... A  
SINGLE WHITE ROSE.

IT IS LITTLE ENOUGH,  
BEAUTY... AND YOU  
SHALL HAVE IT. FARE-  
WELL, DAUGHTERS.  
FORTUNE... SMILES ON  
US AGAIN.



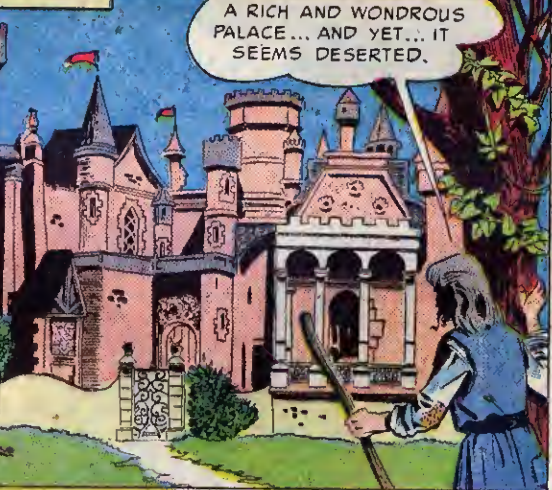
**B**UT THE SHIP THAT CARRIED REYNALDO TO  
THE PORT OF LANTOON WAS WRECKED...

LAND! I... I AM SAVED.  
BUT ALL MY HOPES HAVE  
SUNK WITH MY SHIP!



COLD AND TIRED, HE ROAMED THE BARREN SHORE,  
UNTIL...

A RICH AND WONDROUS  
PALACE... AND YET... IT  
SEEMS DESERTED.

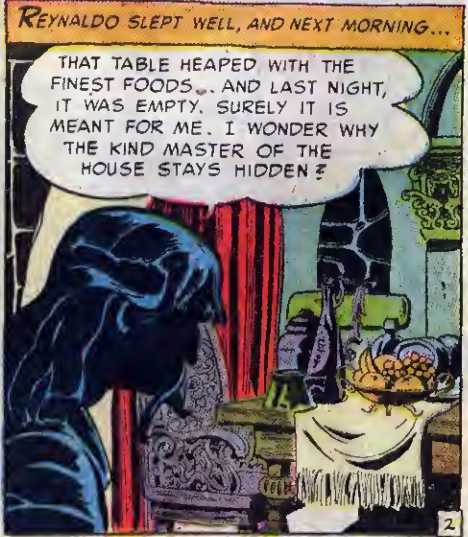


NOT A SOUL TO BE SEEN... BUT THIS  
ROOM HAS A FIRE FRESHLY MADE, AS  
THOUGH SOME INVISIBLE HOST IS  
ASKING ME TO BE HIS GUEST.



REYNALDO SLEPT WELL, AND NEXT MORNING...

THAT TABLE HEAPED WITH THE  
FINEST FOODS... AND LAST NIGHT,  
IT WAS EMPTY. SURELY IT IS  
MEANT FOR ME. I WONDER WHY  
THE KIND MASTER OF THE  
HOUSE STAYS HIDDEN?





AFTER A HEARTY BREAKFAST...

NOW: FOR HOME. MY HEART IS HEAVY BECAUSE I CANNOT BRING MY DAUGHTERS WHAT THEY WISH. BUT WAIT! THIS GARDEN! SURELY THE OWNER WON'T MIND IF I PICK A SINGLE ROSE FOR BEAUTY.

BUT NO SOONER HAD REYNALDO PICKED THE ROSE, THAN...

"UNGRATEFUL ONE! WAS IT NOT ENOUGH THAT I FED AND SHELTERED YOU--MUST YOU STEAL A ROSE FROM MY GARDEN, TOO?"

WHA...? THAT BEAST... HOW HORRIBLE! HE WAS MY HOST!

FOR THIS YOU DESERVE TO DIE-- AND YOU WILL!

KIND SIR-- AFTER ALL THE GENEROUS THINGS YOU DID FOR ME, HOW WAS I TO KNOW THAT TAKING THIS ONE ROSE WOULD ANGER YOU SO?

REYNALDO PLEADED FOR HIS LIFE... AND TOLD OF HIS MANY MISFORTUNES...

HMMM... IT IS TRUE... YOU HAVE BEEN UNLUCKY. I WILL SPARE YOUR LIFE... IF YOU SEND ME ONE OF YOUR DAUGHTERS.

B-BUT... EVEN IF I WAS SELFISH ENOUGH TO TRADE MY LIFE FOR ONE OF MY DAUGHTERS... WHAT COULD I TELL HER TO MAKE HER COME HERE?

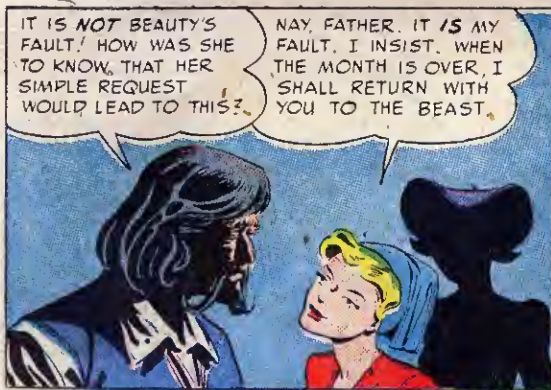
TELL HER NOTHING. UNLESS SHE COMES OF HER OWN FREE WILL, I DO NOT WANT HER TO COME AT ALL. GO... AND EITHER RETURN WITH ONE OF YOUR DAUGHTERS WITHIN THE MONTH... OR RETURN ALONE, AND BE KILLED.

WHEN REYNALDO RETURNED AND TOLD HIS STORY...

IT'S ALL BEAUTY'S FAULT!

YES... IF SHE HAD NOT ASKED FOR A ROSE... THIS WOULD NEVER HAVE HAPPENED!





IT IS NOT BEAUTY'S FAULT! HOW WAS SHE TO KNOW, THAT HER SIMPLE REQUEST WOULD LEAD TO THIS?

NAY, FATHER, IT IS MY FAULT, I INSIST. WHEN THE MONTH IS OVER, I SHALL RETURN WITH YOU TO THE BEAST.

THE TIME PASSED QUICKLY, AND...

THIS IS HIS PALACE, BEAUTY. ARE YOU SURE YOU DO NOT WISH TO TURN BACK?

NO, DEAR FATHER, I KNOW YOU WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR ME, AND THIS IS THE LEAST I CAN DO FOR YOU.

AND YET WHEN THE BEAST APPEARED...



OH... HOW HORRIBLE!

GOOD DAY, OLD MAN. GOOD DAY, BEAUTY! YOU HAVE COME TO STAY WITH ME?



YES, BEAST.

GOOD... COME WITH ME... BOTH OF YOU.

AFTER REYNALDO LEFT...



THIS ROOM IS LADEN WITH TREASURE. TAKE WHAT YOU WILL... FOR YOURSELF AND YOUR OTHER DAUGHTERS.

THANK YOU, BEAST.



YOU WILL FIND MUSIC, AND BOOKS... EVERYTHING YOU WISH TO KEEP YOU CONTENT. IF THERE IS SOMETHING YOU LACK, LET ME KNOW, AND I SHALL SUPPLY IT.

THANK YOU, BEAST. YOU ARE KIND. CAN I BE OF HELP TO YOU?





JUST BE HAPPY, BEAUTY. THAT WILL HELP MORE THAN YOU KNOW.

WHY... HE'S REALLY NOT SO HORRIBLE, AT ALL!

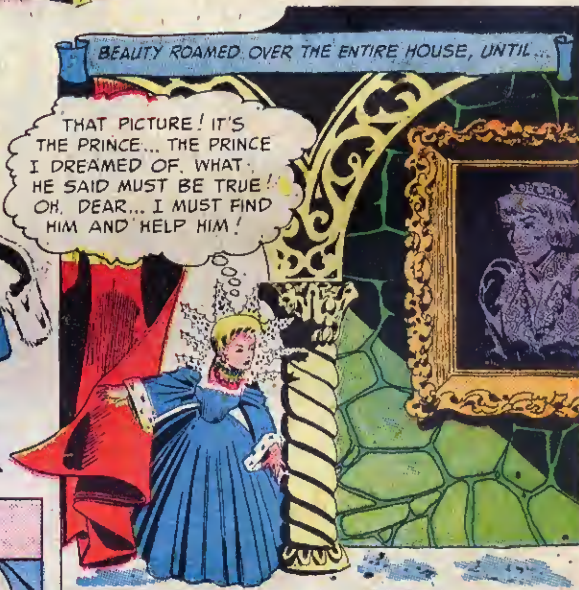
THAT AFTERNOON, AS BEAUTY NAPPED, SHE HAD A STRANGE DREAM...



YOU MAY NOT ALWAYS BE SAD HERE, BEAUTY! IF ONLY YOU FIND ME IN THIS HOUSE, NO MATTER HOW DISGUISED I MAY BE, YOU WILL BE HAPPY FOREVER AFTER.



THAT DREAM. THE PRINCE... HE SAID I'D FIND HIM IN THIS HOUSE. I MUST LOOK... EVERYWHERE!



BEAUTY ROAMED OVER THE ENTIRE HOUSE, UNTIL...

THAT PICTURE! IT'S THE PRINCE... THE PRINCE I DREAMED OF. WHAT HE SAID MUST BE TRUE! OH, DEAR... I MUST FIND HIM AND HELP HIM!



MANY MONTHS PASSED AND BEAUTY FOUND THE BEAST KINDER AND KINDER, HOWEVER...



WHAT IS WRONG, BEAUTY? YOU LOOK UNHAPPY. HAVE I DISPLEASED YOU?

NO, BEAST... YOU ARE VERY KIND... ONLY I MISS MY FATHER AND SISTERS.



THEN WHY NOT RETURN TO THEM?

WOULD YOU PERMIT IT?



YES, FOR I CANNOT  
BEAR TO SEE YOU SAD.  
IF YOU FEEL UNHAPPY  
HERE, YOU NEED NEVER  
COME BACK AGAIN.

BUT THAT  
WOULD MAKE  
YOU VERY SAD!  
HOW LONELY  
YOU WOULD BE!



I AM PLEASED TO HEAR THAT, BEAUTY.  
TAKE THIS RING... AND IF YOU EVER  
WANT TO RETURN... JUST TWIST IT  
ON YOUR FINGER, AND YOU WILL  
BE HERE.



BEAUTY RETURNED TO HER HOME, AND...

HOW BEAUTIFUL  
EVERYTHING IS.

YES... WE ARE RICH ONCE  
MORE BECAUSE OF THE  
GIFTS THE BEAST HAS  
GIVEN US.



FOR A WHILE BEAUTY WAS VERY HAPPY... BUT  
AS THE WEEKS SPED BY...

I WONDER HOW THE  
BEAST IS. HE MUST  
BE TERRIBLY LONELY  
WITHOUT ME.

WHAT DIFFERENCE  
TO YOU? HE IS  
MEAN AND UGLY.



THAT NIGHT BEAUTY HAD A STRANGE DREAM...

OH NO... HE  
IS REALLY VERY  
KIND... AND IT'S  
NOT HIS FAULT  
IF HE'S UGLY.

WHY ARE YOU SO  
CRUEL TO ME, BEAUTY?  
DO YOU NOT WANT  
TO HELP ME?





AND WHEN SHE AWOKE...

BUT, NO... IT'S THE BEAST I'M CRUEL TO... OH, DEAR... I'M ALL CONFUSED. SOMEHOW, THE BEAST AND THE PRINCE SEEM ALL MIXED UP TOGETHER I MUST RETURN! THERE!... THE RING... I... I'LL TWIST IT.

IMMEDIATELY, BEAUTY WAS BACK AT THE BEAST'S PALACE, WHERE...

THE BEAST... HE... HE'S DEAD... AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT!

NO... HE'S STILL LIVING! OH, BEAST... I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU! I NEVER KNEW HOW MUCH I LOVED YOU UNTIL THIS MOMENT WHEN I SAW YOU LYING THERE!

AT BEAUTY'S WORD THERE WAS A BLINDING FLASH AND...

THE PRINCE! YOU-- THE BEAST-- YOU WERE THE PRINCE ALL THE TIME!

YES, BEAUTY. I WAS ENCHANTED BY A WITCH... AND ONLY IF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN CONSENTED TO BE MY BRIDE COULD I RETURN TO MYSELF AGAIN

SO BEAUTY AND THE PRINCE WERE WED IN THE GARDEN... AND THERE WAS JOY IN THE MAGIC GARDEN THAT HAD ONCE BEEN A BEAST'S SAD DOMAIN.



The END



# Where Fairy Stories Came From

"Once upon a time," the story begins, and you know right away it's a fairy tale. You also know that it's all about magic, or elves, or gnomes and that it happened way back in the past in some strange country.

There is something about witches and wicked stepmothers and seven-league boots that holds everybody's interest, from tiny tots to old people! Walt Disney found that out when the movie *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* drew record crowds all over the United States and Europe! His latest fairy-tale movie, *Cinderella*, did just as well. Did you ever stop to wonder where these strange tales of long ago came from?

The more you learn about Fairy Tales, the more surprising they become! Everybody knows *Grimm's Fairy Tales*, and the *Wonder Stories* written by Hans Christian Andersen, but very few people realize that these men just wrote down stories they had heard, or found in ancient manuscripts!

How long ago Fairy Stories began no-one knows. All we do know is that similar stories were told thousands of years ago in ancient Egypt and India. Records of other similar stories are found in prehistoric Australia, New Zealand, and in the Indian lore of America.

Nevertheless, three men are responsible for putting these stories into interesting form and giving them to the modern world. And just knowing who these men are and how they did it gives you a subject that will interest other people when you talk about it.

Jakob Grimm was born in the year 1785 at Hanau, in Hesse-Cassel, Germany. Hesse-Cassel was part of the province of Hesse which sent Hessian soldiers to America to help the English in the Revolutionary War. But that happened before Jakob and his younger brother, Wilhelm, had arrived in this world. They attended public school, then went to Marburg together to study law. In the course of their studies they attended lectures

on ancient Roman law, and Jakob became interested in studying historical manuscripts. Wilhelm also became interested, and the two brothers worked together investigating every scrap of evidence they could find on ancient people and stories.

The brothers both became librarians so they could continue their studies of history. By the year 1808, Jakob had been appointed superintendent of the private library of Jerome Bonaparte, who was king of Westphalia. Wilhelm became his assistant and the brothers continued to work together.

Among other things they were charmed by stories of the middle ages which told about mythical beasts, monsters and dragons. Both kept notes of whatever they found and later arranged them in such a way that soon a whole book of stories began to take form. These were strange tales out of the past, but they held a fascination that made the brothers grow more and more excited as they went along. Finally they started writing the results of years of work and their first book was published. It was called *Children and House Legends*.

In no time at all the Grimm brothers were famous! The book became popular all over Europe, and in its English translation it became a household word in far-off America! But it did more than make them famous; it founded the science of modern folklore—the recording of legends everywhere.

Fairy Stories are simply stories in which fairies play a part, or which contain strange or magical happenings. For instance in *Puss in Boots* the "seven league boots" have wonderful powers, therefore it is a Fairy Story. The same is true of *Beauty and the Beast*, *Sleeping Beauty*, and all the others.

Hans Christian Andersen was born a few years after the Grimm brothers, but he grew up without ever hearing of them! He was born in the year 1805 at Odinsø, on the Island of Funen, off the Danish mainland. He always said the island was one hundred years behind the times! There was



little to do except dream. Remember, that was before the days of steamboats and trains. There were no airplanes, no automobiles, no telephones or radio. The only way people heard news of the world was when ships came in and the sailors told what they had seen and heard in various ports.

But, in the evening before the open fireplace, and along the lanes on sunny afternoons, old women told Hans old stories about elves and fairies. Hans watched the cattle in the fields and pictured the great beasts the stories told about.

But that, too, was natural because the stories he heard were nature-myths that had been repeated from generation to generation through the centuries! And nature-myths are stories that try to explain mysteries in nature, like lightning and thunder, earthquakes, landslides, and the changing seasons! They came from the days, far in the distant past of history, when people believed that every object, tree, plant, house, or stone had personal life.

That's why a tree can suddenly start to talk in a fairy story. It may tell the person it speaks to that a witch put a curse on it! Perhaps, it may be freed from the curse and become a prince before the story is finished. That is what makes these old stories hold their interest. The question always sticks in the readers' mind: "Is it possible that fairies *did* exist in olden times? Is it possible that there was a race of midgets that lived in tiny dugouts and underground rooms, keeping out of sight of grown-ups, but sometimes playing with children?"

Hans Christian Andersen told the stories just as he heard them, as though they were true and he believed in them. And when his book of *Wonder Stories* appeared, his name joined the name of Grimm as a household word all over the world! *Sleeping Beauty* came to life, and *Hop o' my Thumb* was a real person! *Prince Charming* roamed the face of the earth, and the little tailor who killed seven flies with one stroke became a hero.

Many of the fairy tales have to do with travel. Sometimes it is only from one imaginary kingdom to another. But other times they show scenes in

real cities and countries. Andersen longed to travel and see the world. When ever he had the chance, he told about these places in his stories. So the reader of fairy stories gains an education in travel if he pays attention to the people and their dress and customs.

Many of the castles described in fairy stories actually existed in Denmark and Germany one hundred years ago. Some of them still stand unchanged, and the towers where witches stirred their evil brew look just as threatening as ever.

The castle kitchen, where her wicked stepmother made Cinderella a slave, probably still exists, with the stone tiled floor a little more worn and uneven from the tread of human feet.

Witches usually lived in huts deep in the shadows of the forest because shadows were evil, like the night! Sunshine was good because it was light, like the day it ruled. Witches were always more powerful at night because they worked with the devil. But morning always came—and good always conquered evil.

Every country in the world has its own fairy tale, too. In Ireland the fairies and leprechauns have certain rights which must not be forgotten. One side of the house belongs to them, and dirty water must never be thrown out on that side, for fear it might hit one of them. They would be bound to take their revenge. No buildings can be built on that side of the house, and no additions put on it because it might interfere with the fairies.

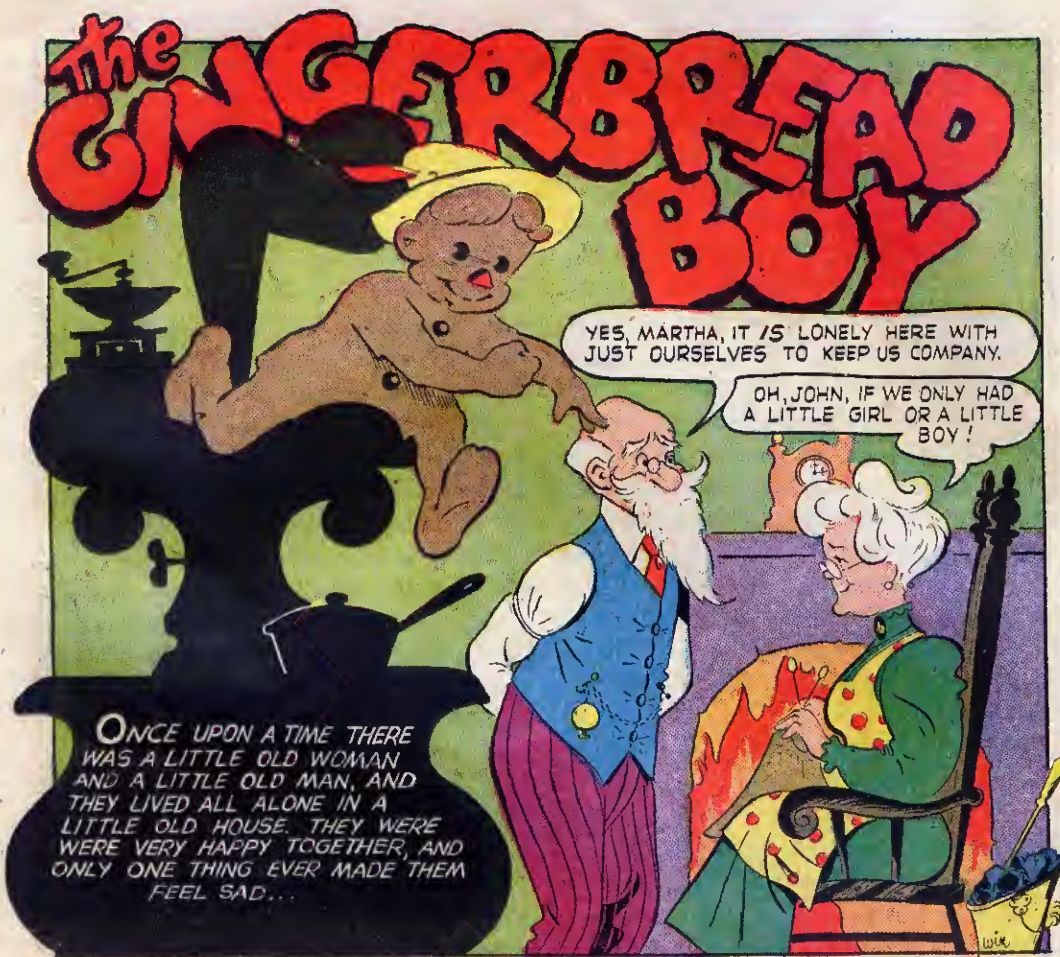
In England it is the Brownies who steal from people's gardens, and play tricks if things aren't to their liking. In America we accept all the stories as though they belonged to us, but the only real leftover in which we play a part is Halloween Eve, when the witches ride and play tricks. Only sometimes people suspect the tricks aren't really played by witches and hobgoblins.

But fairy stories will always live, because people like to dream about strange countries. Strange kingdoms are like castles in the clouds; we can make them fit our own ideas of what they should be, and the Grimm and Andersen Fairy Tales laid the foundation for this whole imaginary world.

THE END



# The GINGERBREAD BOY



YES, MARTHA, IT IS LONELY HERE WITH JUST OURSELVES TO KEEP US COMPANY.

OH, JOHN, IF WE ONLY HAD A LITTLE GIRL OR A LITTLE BOY!

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A LITTLE OLD WOMAN AND A LITTLE OLD MAN, AND THEY LIVED ALL ALONE IN A LITTLE OLD HOUSE. THEY WERE VERY HAPPY TOGETHER, AND ONLY ONE THING EVER MADE THEM FEEL SAD...

ONE DAY WHEN THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN WAS MAKING GINGERBREAD...



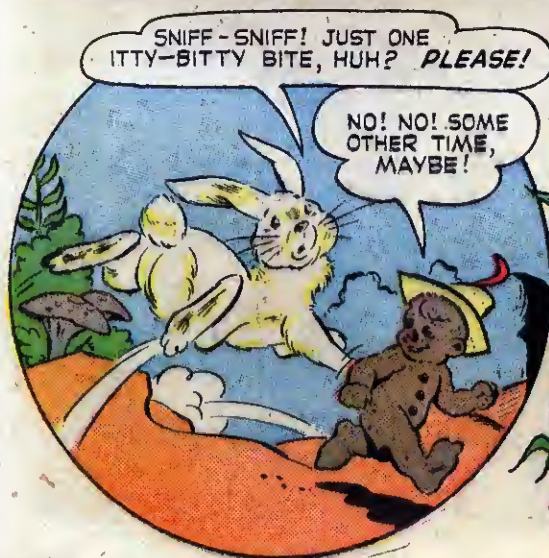
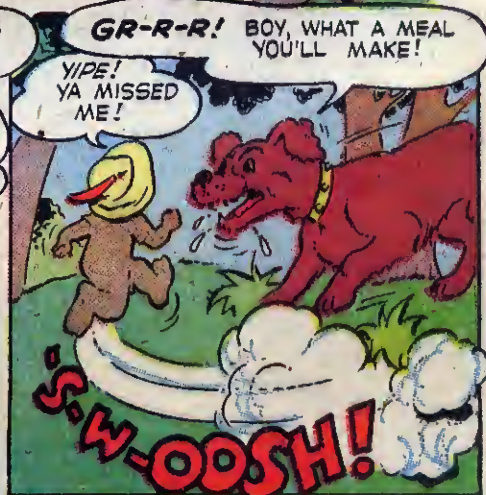
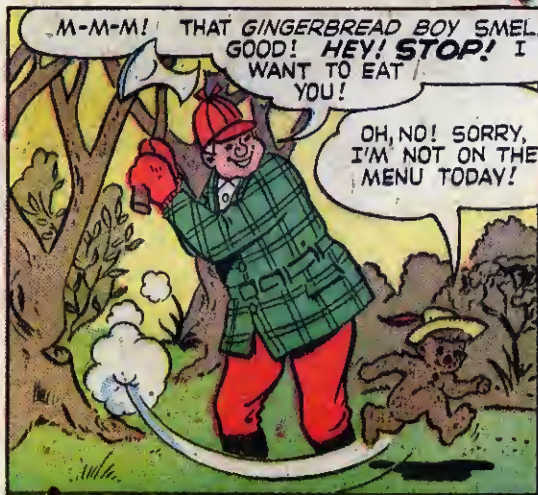
I'LL MAKE A GINGERBREAD BOY FOR MY HUSBAND. I'LL BAKE IT UP NICE AND BROWN, AND THEN WE CAN MAKE BELIEVE WE HAVE A LITTLE BOY OF OUR OWN!

LATER, WHEN IT WAS TIME FOR THE GINGERBREAD BOY TO BE DONE, SHE OPENED THE OVEN DOOR...

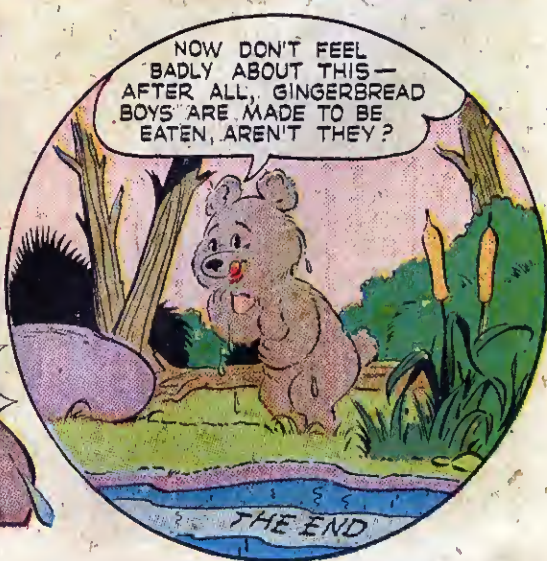
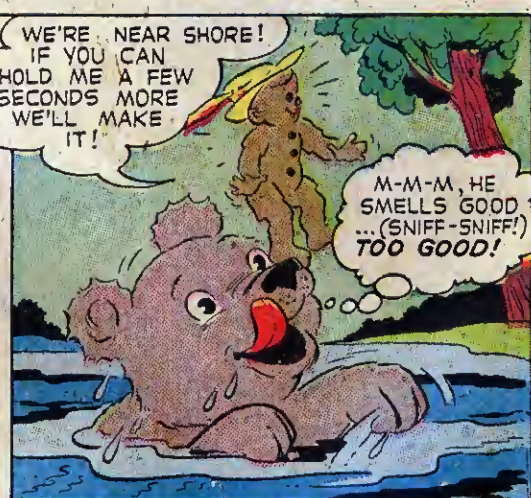
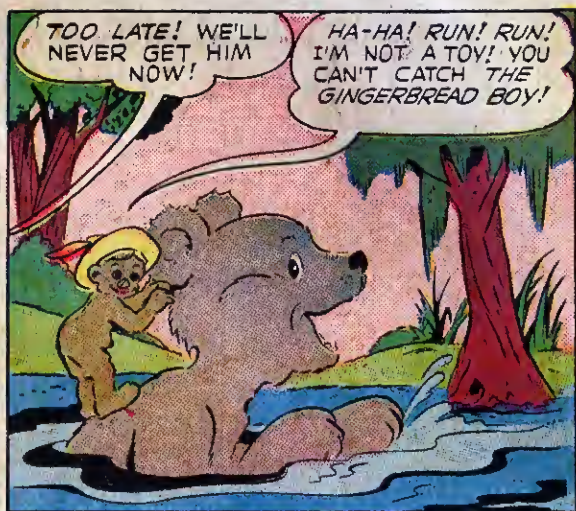


MY, ISN'T HE HANDSOME! I MUST SHOW HIM TO JOHN RIGHT AWAY!





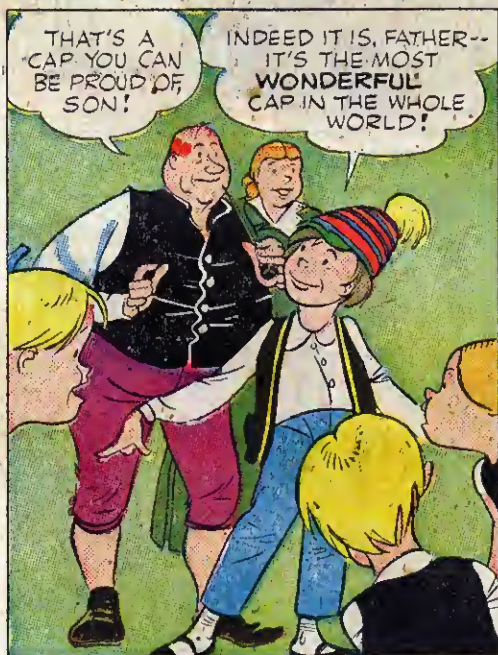
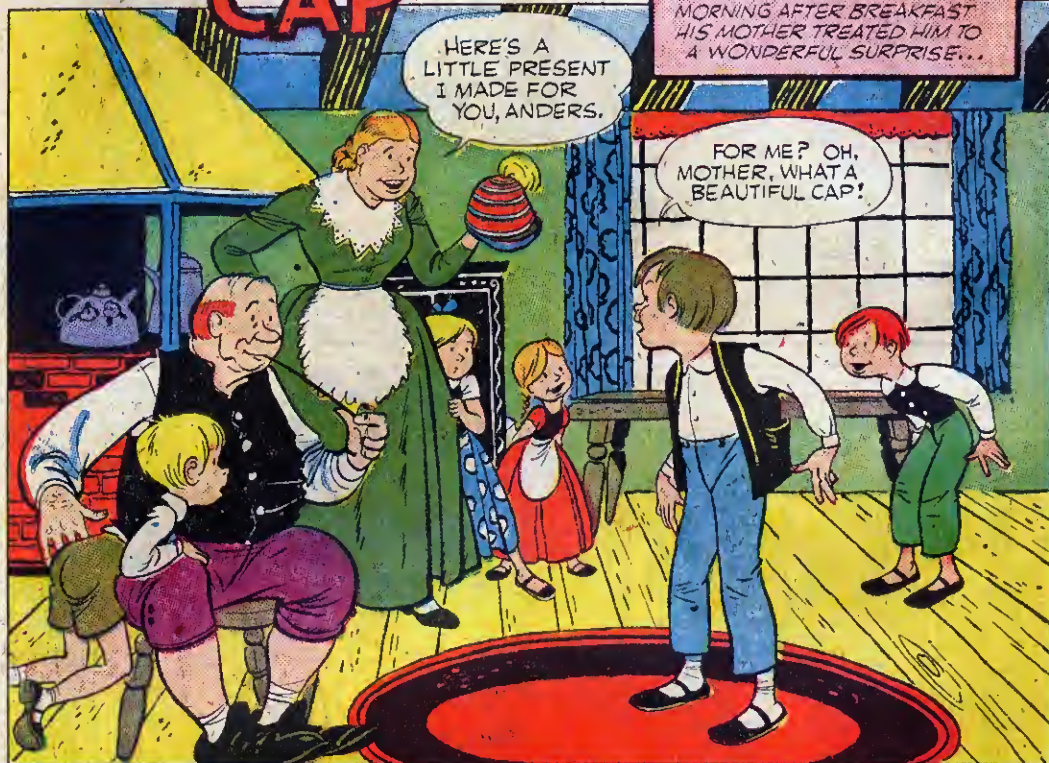




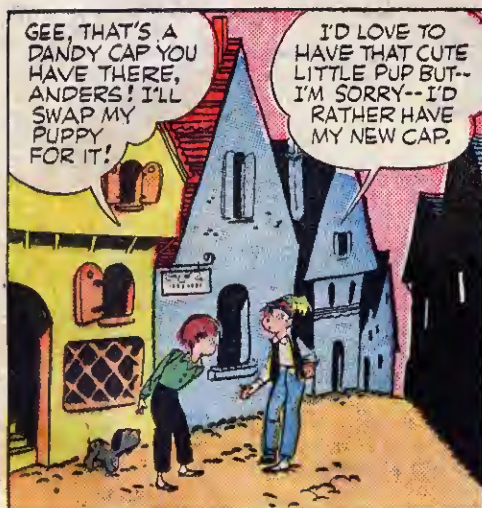


# The BEAUTIFUL CAP

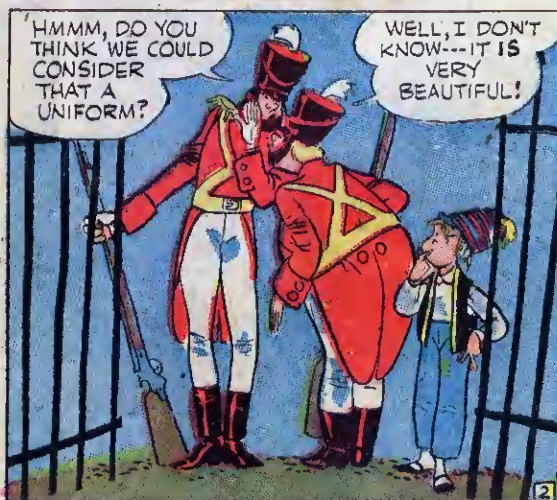
ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A LITTLE BOY NAMED ANDERS. HE LIVED IN A LITTLE HOUSE WITH HIS PARENTS AND HIS BROTHERS AND SISTERS. ONE MORNING AFTER BREAKFAST HIS MOTHER TREATED HIM TO A WONDERFUL SURPRISE...



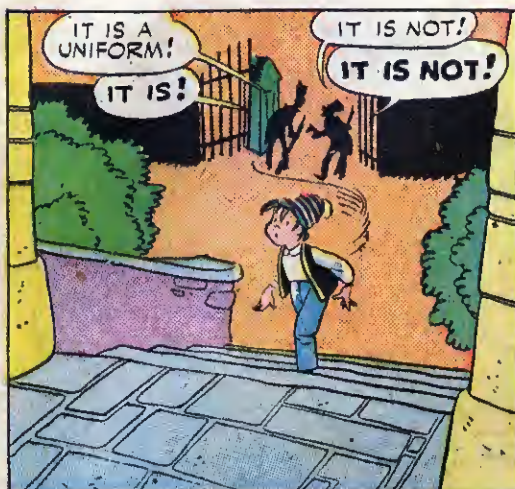




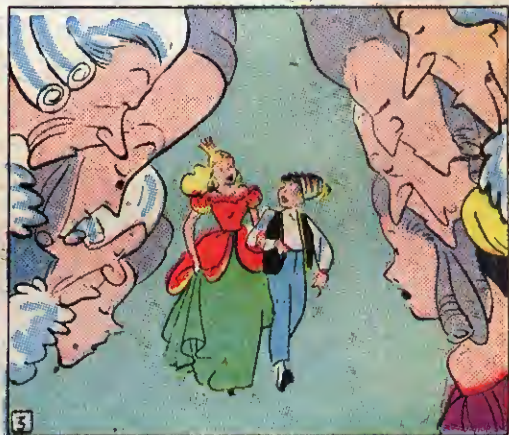
AT LENGTH, ANDERS REACHES THE ROYAL PALACE...



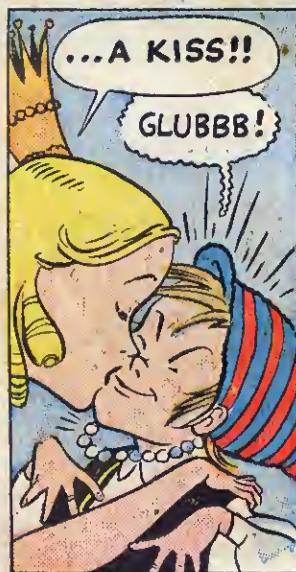
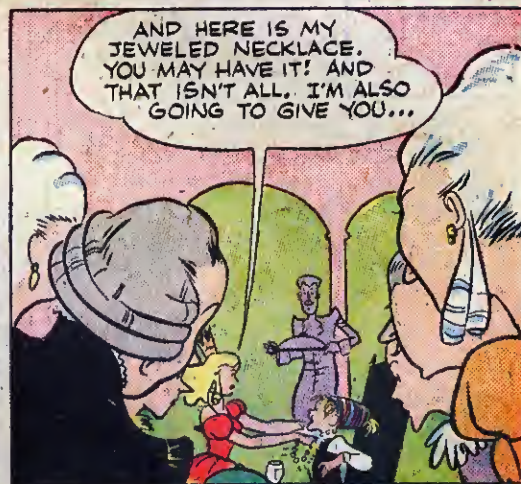




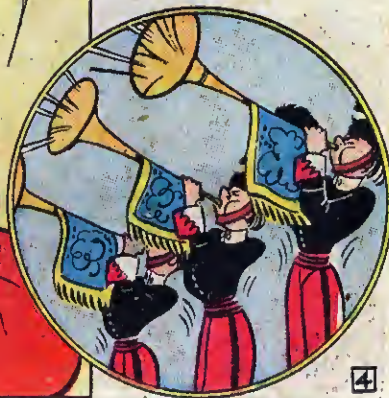
AS ANDERS AND THE PRINCESS WALK TOWARD THE BANQUET HALL, THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THINKING HE IS A PRINCE, BOW DEEPLY.



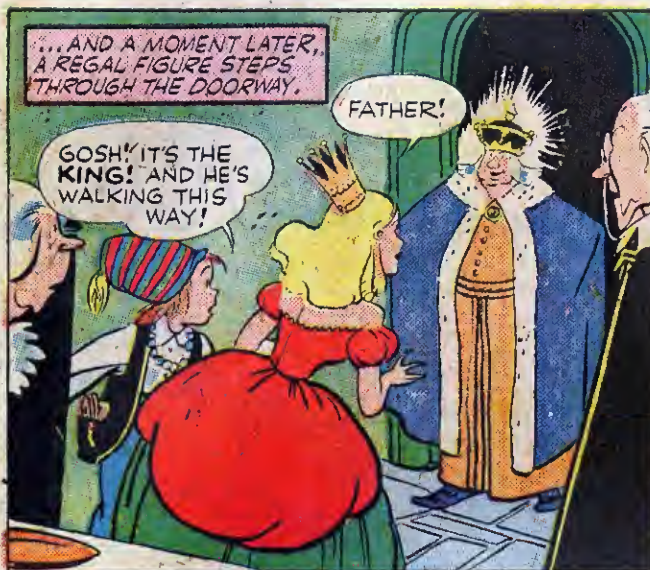




SUDDENLY, THE ROYAL TRUMPETERS BLOW A FANFARE ON THEIR GOLDEN HORNS...







...AND A MOMENT LATER,  
A REGAL FIGURE STEPS  
THROUGH THE DOORWAY.

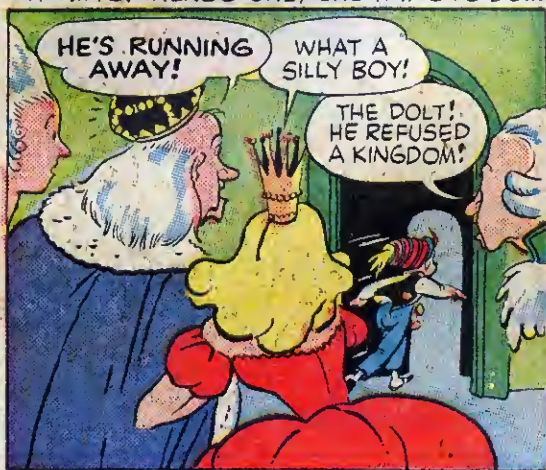
GOSH! IT'S THE  
KING! AND HE'S  
WALKING THIS  
WAY!

FATHER!



YOUR  
MAJESTY!  
PLEASE!  
I--I...

BUT ANDERS KNOWS YOU CAN'T ARGUE WITH  
A KING. THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO...



HE'S RUNNING  
AWAY!

WHAT A  
SILLY BOY!

THE DOLT!  
HE REFUSED  
A KINGDOM!



I'M LOSING MY COOKIES---  
AND THE NECKLACE THE  
PRINCESS GAVE ME! OH, WELL--  
I STILL HAVE MY CAP AND THAT'S  
ALL THAT MATTERS!

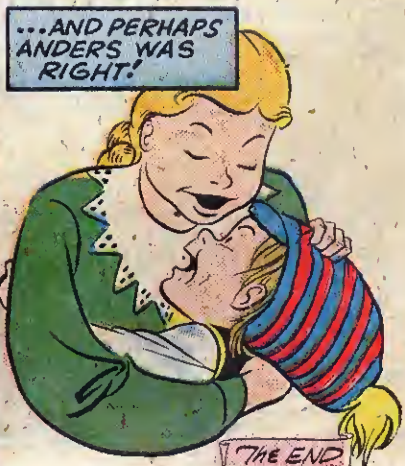
WHEN ANDERS ARRIVES HOME, HE TELLS HIS FAMILY  
ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED...



AND YOU REFUSED  
TO TRADE YOUR  
CAP TO THE KING  
FOR HIS CROWN?

THINK OF ALL THE THINGS YOU  
COULD HAVE IF YOU WERE KING!  
YOU'D HAVE BEEN RICH! OH,  
ANDERS, YOU WERE FOOLISH!

I WAS NOT  
FOOLISH! I AM RICHER  
THAN THE KING! THERE IS  
NOTHING IN THIS WHOLE WORLD  
THAT'S FINER THAN THE CAP  
MY MOTHER MADE!



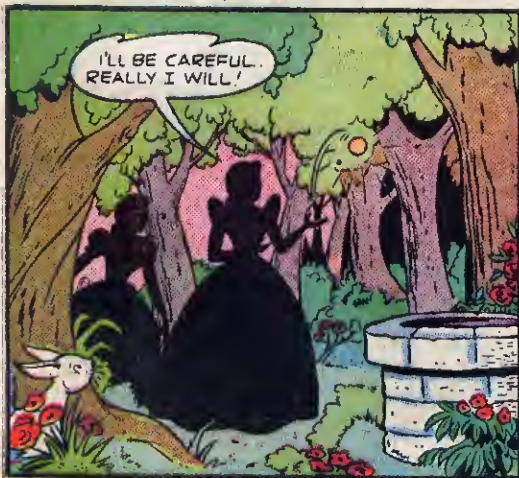
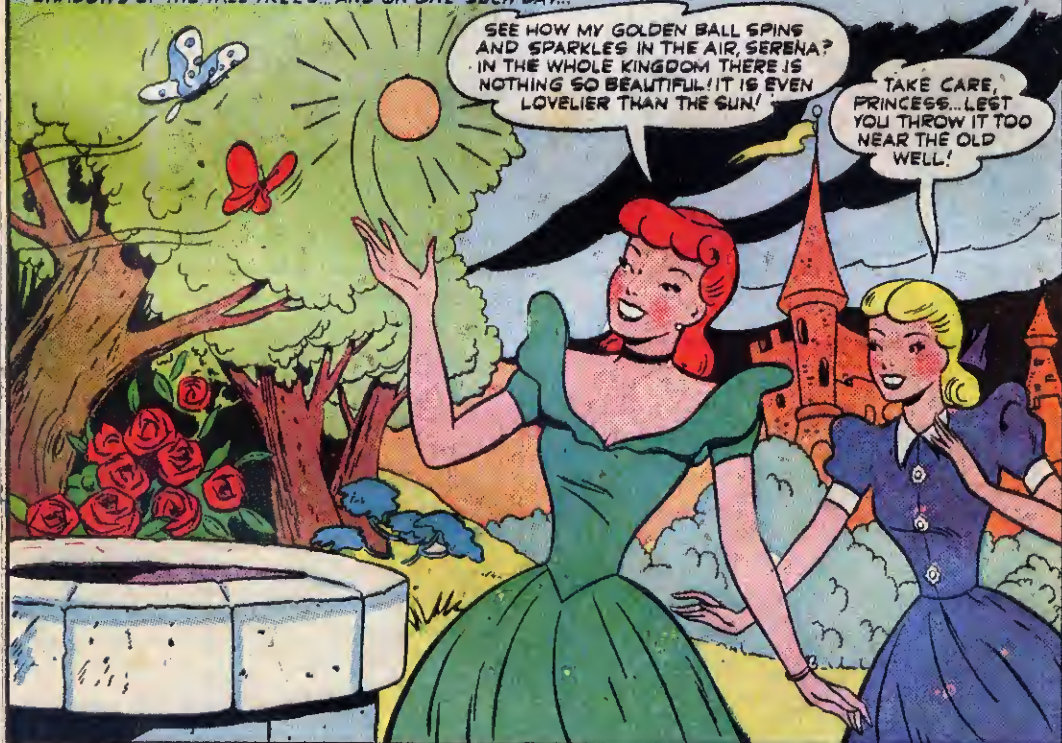
...AND PERHAPS  
ANDERS WAS  
RIGHT!

THE END

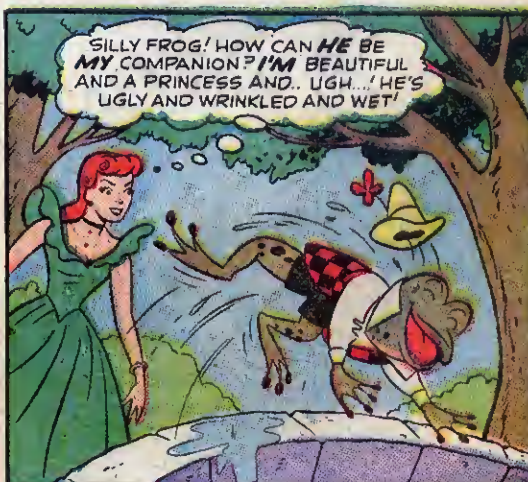
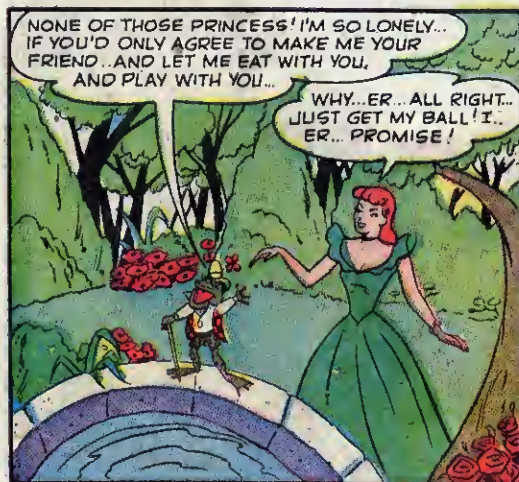
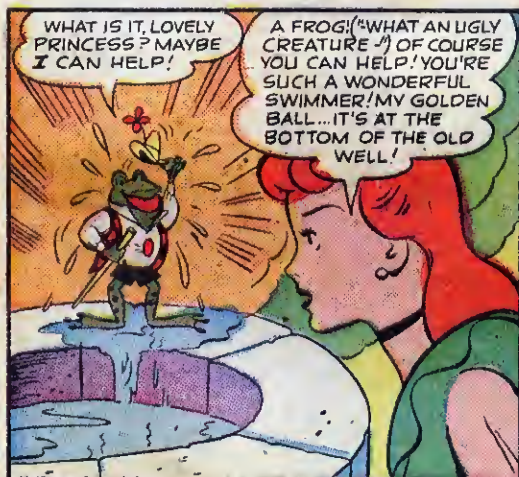
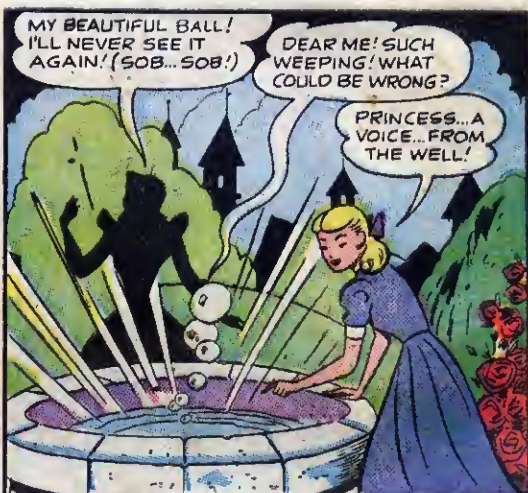
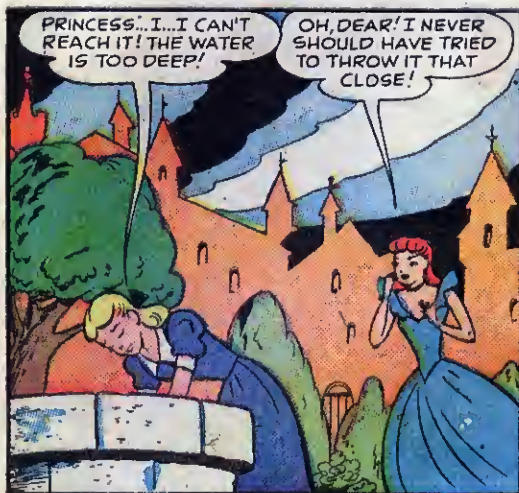


# THE FROG KING

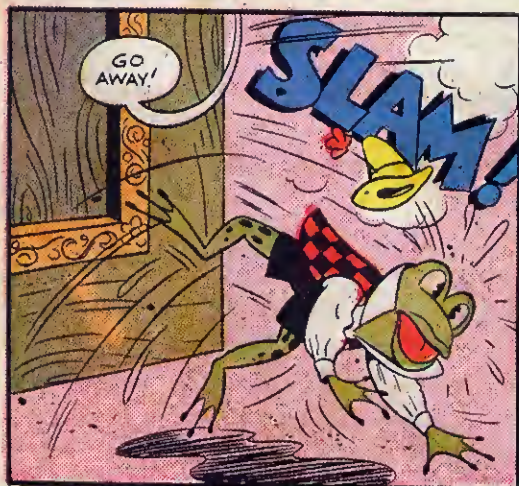
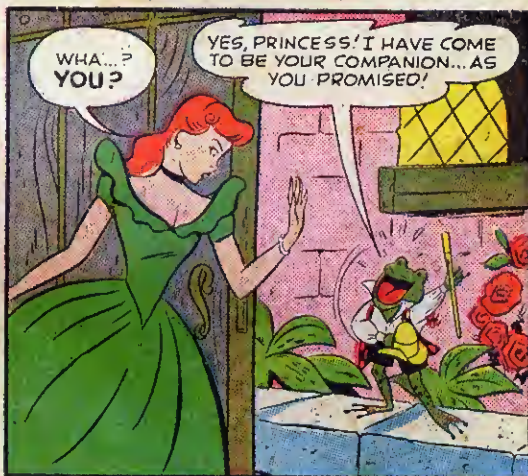
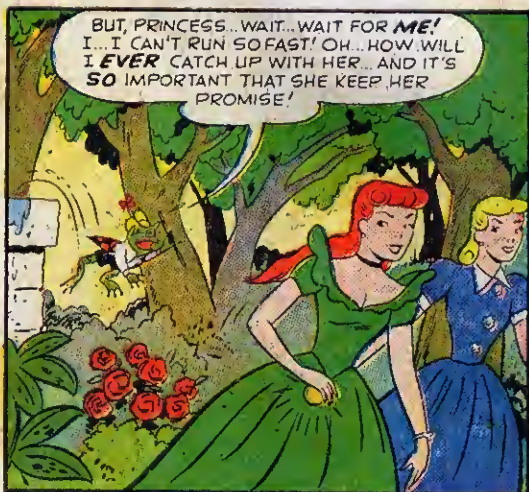
MANY YEARS AGO, THERE WAS A PROUD AND LOVELY PRINCESS WHOSE FATHER'S CASTLE WAS AT THE EDGE OF A GREAT DARK FOREST. ON WARM SUMMER DAYS, THE PRINCESS LOVED TO PLAY IN THE COOL SHADOWS OF THE TALL TREES... AND ON ONE SUCH DAY...



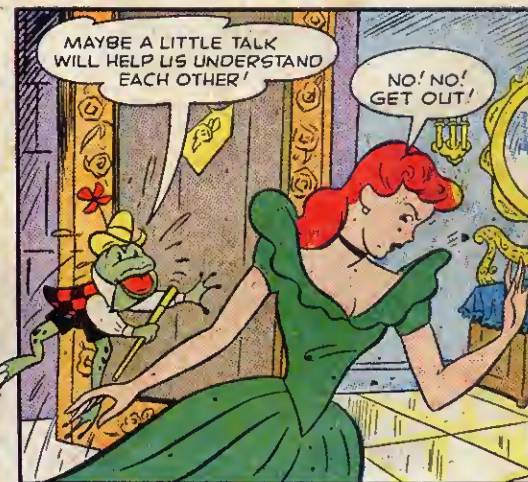
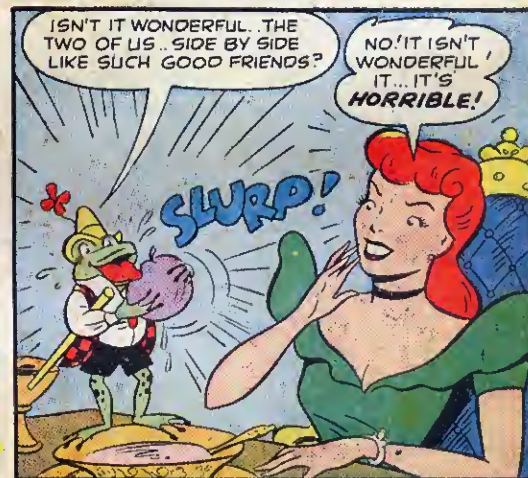
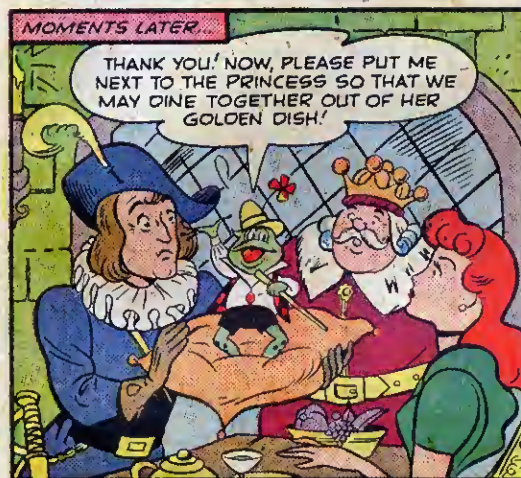
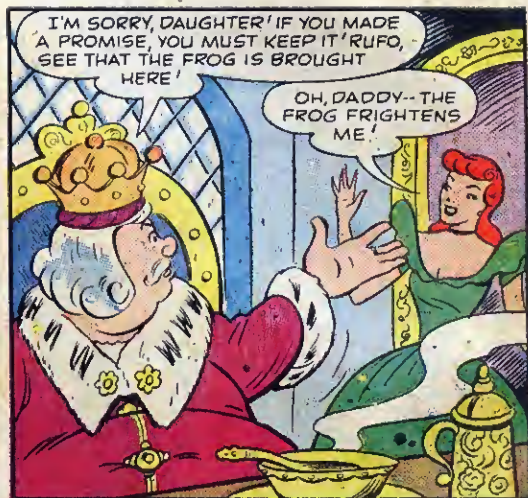




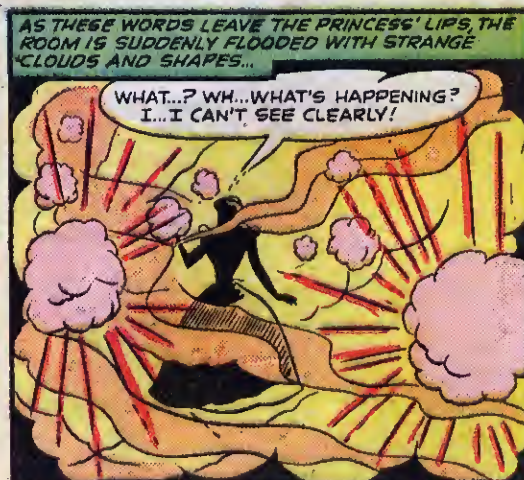
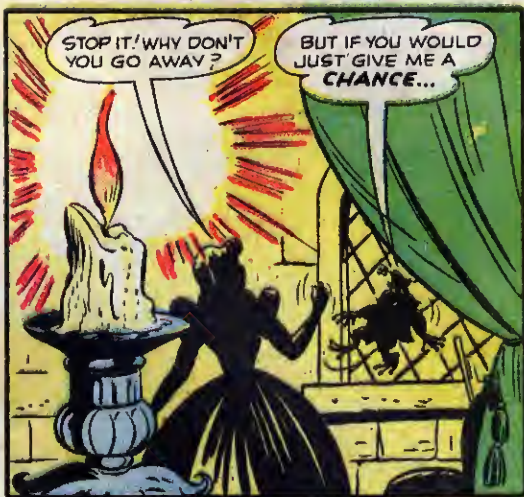
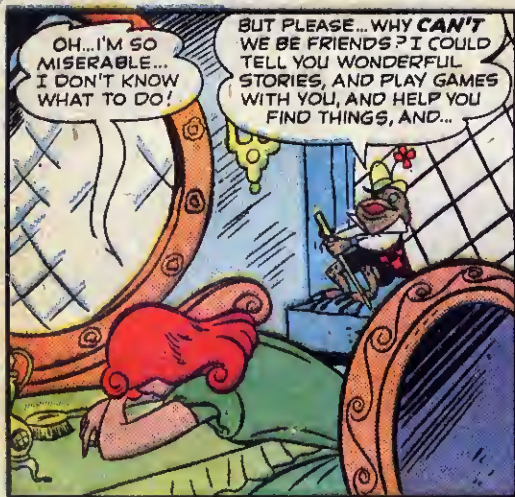




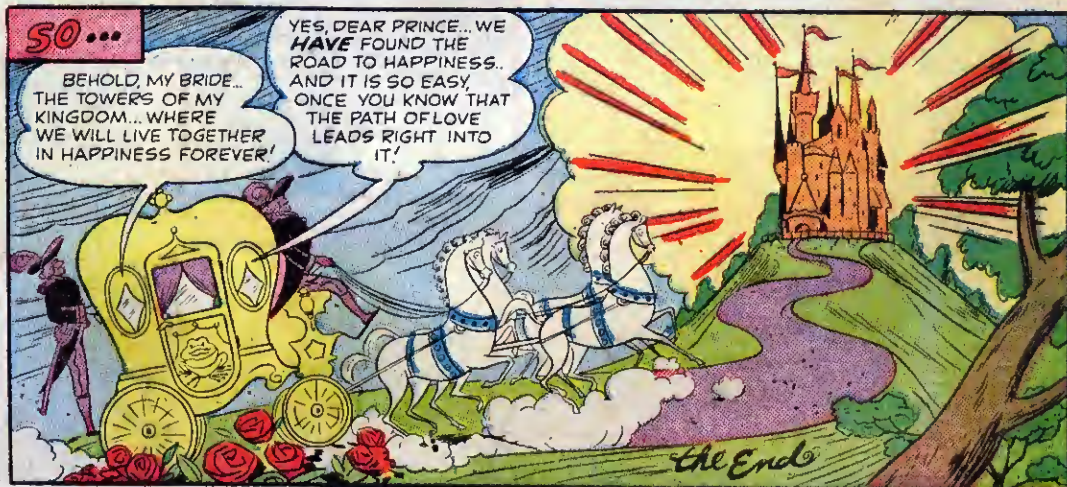
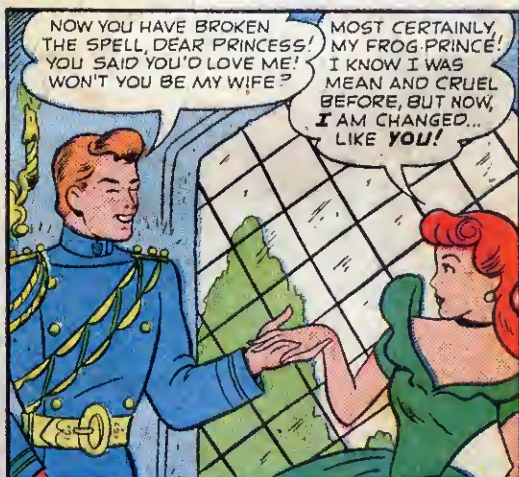
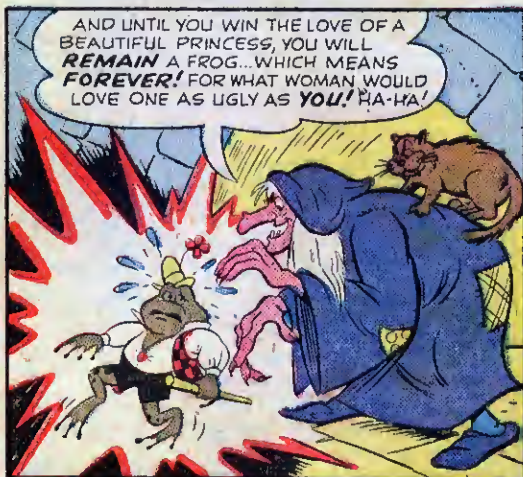
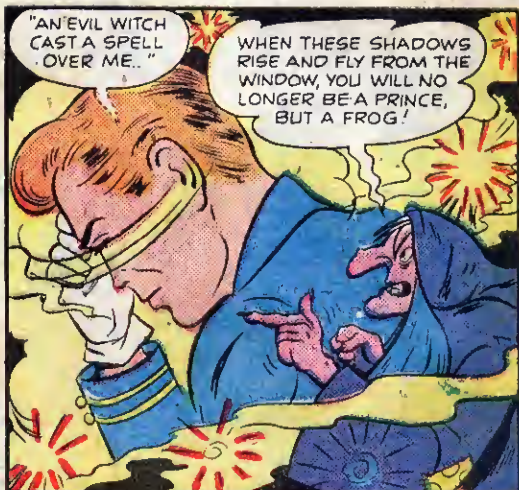
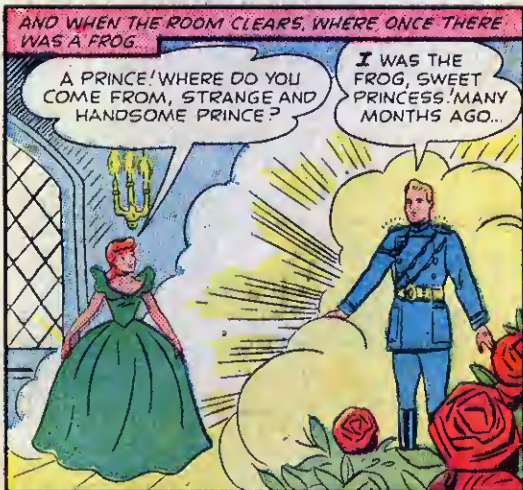
















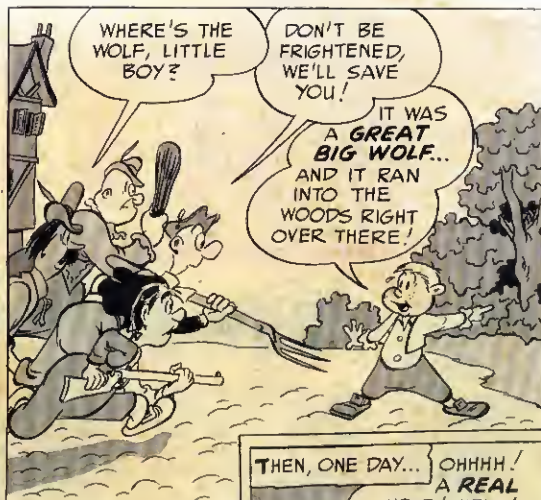


# "The BOY WHO CRIED WOLF!"

ONCE, LONG AGO, THERE WAS A LITTLE BOY WHO WANTED TO ATTRACT ATTENTION! HE THOUGHT AND THOUGHT AND FINALLY HIT ON WHAT HE BELIEVED TO BE A WONDERFUL PLAN...

I KNOW! I WILL YELL "WOLF! WOLF!" EVERYBODY WILL THINK A WOLF IS AFTER ME AND THE MEN FROM TOWN WILL COME TO SAVE ME!

WOLF!  
WOLF!



THAT BOY WAS VERY LUCKY THE WOLF RAN AWAY! HE'S A BRAVE LAD!

THESE PEOPLE THINK I AM VERY BRAVE! I'LL DO THIS SOME MORE... A LOT MORE!

SO, ALMOST EVERY DAY THE LITTLE BOY CRIED "WOLF! WOLF!" UNTIL FINALLY...

WOLF!  
WOLF!  
HELP!  
WOLF!

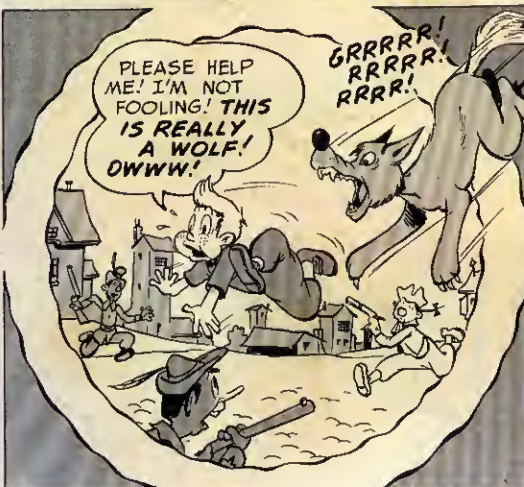
HA! HA! HOW LONG DOES THAT LITTLE BOY THINK HE CAN FOOL US?

THERE ISN'T ANY WOLF! WE WON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIS JOKE!

THEN, ONE DAY... OHHHH! A **REAL WOLF!** HELP! **WOLF! WOLF!**

NO ONE IS COMING TO SAVE ME! I HAVE FOOLED THEM TOO MANY TIMES... THEY DON'T EVEN LISTEN TO MY CRIES ANYMORE!

GRRRRR  
RRRRRR!



IT'S ALL RIGHT! THE WOLF IS DEAD ... BUT HE ALMOST GOT YOU BECAUSE NO ONE BELIEVED THERE REALLY WAS A WOLF!

I'LL NEVER YELL "WOLF" AGAIN... UNLESS THERE **REALLY** IS ONE! I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON!





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LOOK SLIMMER, MORE YOUTHFUL**

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Test the Figure-Adjuster at home for ten days FREE at our expense! It's sent on approval. It must do all we claim for it or return it after ten days and we'll send you money right back. We take all the risk . . . that's because we know ADJUSTER! MAIL COUPON NOW!

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